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Crushed.

"I suppose you know, barber," said Percy, with a wink at the man in the other chair. "That the hair on a man's head grows at the rate of three-millionths of a yard in a second."

"No, I never heard that before," said the barber, beaming a tattoo on the strip with his razor. "But I know there's a spot on the back of your head where the hair wouldn't grow as much as that in a million years."

Willing to Help the Cause.

Philanthropic Person (with subscription paper)—We are raising a fund to prosecute the white slavers. Can you assist us?

Baseball Magnate—Sure! I've just disposed of two of my players and got a good cash price for them. Hundred dollars be enough?—Chicago Tribune.

Mother will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

His Time to Be Alone.

"Come away, children," said their mother. "Run out in the yard and play." "But we're watching papa lay the stair carpet, mamma," they answered. "I know it, but he's going to lay it around the bend in the stairway pretty soon, and I don't want you to hear the language he will use."—Chicago Tribune.

Conversational Opportunities.

"So your wife is a suffragette? Why does she want to vote?"

"She doesn't want to vote," answered M. Meekton. "She wants to make speeches."—Washington Star.

Little children are suffering every day in the year with sprains, bruises, cuts, bumps and burns. Hamline Wizard Oil is banishing these aches and pains every day in the year, the world over.

Chronic.

"Away down in her heart," said the boarding house philosopher, "every woman is a pessimist. When any calamity happens she always wants to know the worst, and isn't happy until she hears it."

Proof Conclusive.

Lawyer (cross examining)—You testified that Miss Smythe was walking in her sleep. How do you know she was asleep?

Witness—Well, a mouse ran across the floor right in front of her and she never even batted an eye.—Chicago Tribune.

To Break in New Shoes.

Always shake in Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It cures hot, sweating, aching, swollen feet. It cures corns, ingrowing nails and bunions. At all drug stores and shoe stores, 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Umsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Get the Act.

"Yes," said the retired auctioneer, "that boy of mine is a chip off the old block, with all the original bark on him; he's a speller for a 5-cent theater."—Chicago Tribune.

How the Trouble Started.

Estelle—I don't suppose you have heard of it, but George and I are going to be married some time next June. Maybelle—Glad to know it, dear. Has George heard of it yet?

Why, Sure!

Tommy—Paw, what is concentrated by? Mr. Tucker—It's the short and ugly word, Tommy. Don't bother me."

Vacation Days.

"You say Grindler worked last summer just for fun?" "Oh, no; just for funds!"—Harvard Lamont.

Among persons of social standing generally the world throughout, the average age of marriage is at present, men 37 and women 28.



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Race for a Wife

—BY—
HAWLEY SMART

CHAPTER XX.

Sam Pearson had received the writ of service of this heriot claim with apparent equanimity. It must be borne in mind that practiced speculators on the turf, as elsewhere, are accustomed to take their reverses with much outward nonchalance. But, nevertheless, when his visitors had departed he commenced pacing the room after the manner of a caged tiger. It was not likely Denison, whom he had deemed so entirely in his power, would have ventured upon such a bold stroke as this except under very high legal opinion, and whatever it might suit him at the time to say in disparagement of Rumford, he was quite aware that no counsel's opinion in London stood in higher repute. He foresaw, at one sweep, the upset of all his forthcoming schemes. His father had told him how Harold Denison had first taken his pretensions to Maude's hand. He knew, none better, how, under the pressure brought to bear upon him, the squire of Glinn's self-interest had been enlisted in his behalf. He was far too keen a judge to think that he had any hold upon Maude's affections; his idea was that she just liked him sufficiently to marry him if her parents made a point of it. He was entirely ignorant of there being a favored lover in the field. He felt little doubt that if Denison could extricate himself from his power—and should he establish his claim he would go near to do so—his marriage would be postponed to the Greek Kalends.

Now for the other point. If he disputes this "right of heriot," could they prevent his running Coriander for the Two Thousand? That became a question of great importance. He had backed the horse heavily—yes, taking last Monday's work into consideration, very heavily—for the race; and if he was not to run, there at once was a loss of some thousands, to say nothing of the big stake he had hoped to win over that event.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "that's it! There is some inkling of this in the turf market, and that's the reason the horse has been so much laid against lately. This accounts for Pylart's determined attack, and his betting me a hundred even that he don't start. I'm off to town by the three train."

Pearman drove straight to his solicitor's, from Waterloo Station. Office hours were over, but he contrived to catch one of the firm—as shrewd an attorney as one would often meet with. He shook his head over the case more especially when he heard of Rumford's adverse opinion.

"I don't like it, Mr. Pearson, at all, but I will look over the Mannersley title deeds the first thing to-morrow morning, and then go over to Hawk, Sparrowbill and Co. and ask them if they will let me see Rumford's opinion. But these unfranchised heriots are the very deuce to deal with if the right, as in your case, is of great value, and the opposite side are aware of it."

"Well, you must make out all you can for me. What time shall I be at your office to-morrow?—the earlier the better, mind. Time in this case is worth something like half a sovereign a minute to me."

"Certainly, sir. Say ten; and you mustn't mind if you have to wait for me; I shall be conferring with the enemy, but I'll be back at the office as near that as I can."

"That'll just do. I must catch the eleven train from Waterloo, if possible. Good-night."

Sam Pearson strolled into his club. He was, as one may naturally suppose in no great humor for conversation. It is one of the drawbacks of these pleasant caravansaries that the old adage of "Save me from my friends" is unattainable therein. You always run the chance of some garrulous acquaintance discoursing upon that amusing case in the divorce court, utterly unconscious that you are one of the parties implicated. You are asked, perhaps, after your wife, by some old friend of bygone years who is entirely ignorant that you have either buried or separated from her. Our taciturn British reserve has its advantages. Why should there not be a small coffee room instituted for sulky members, where attempts at conversation should be penalized with expulsion? There are times when we hate even ourselves—much more our fellow creatures.

Pearman was imbued with a considerable amount of this latter feeling as he strolled into the Theatine and ordered his dinner. His Nemesis was awaiting him. Ere he had finished his soup, a blue-eyed, fair-haired, vacuous member had greeted him, and asked him what the deuce was the matter with Coriander?

"Nothing. The horse is well enough. Why?"

"Why, haven't you seen the evening papers?"

"No; I have only just got to town. What about it?"

"They are laying all sorts of prices against him. He is quoted at fifteen to one offered, and rumor says, in some cases twenties have been laid."

"Hum," grunted Pearson. "You'd better lay it, Curzon, if you think he's gone. I can only say, when you see he's about to start for the Two Thousand, I recommend you to hedge every shilling, if you do."

"Thanks," drawled the other, and walked away to disseminate what he had gathered from Coriander's own lips.

His solicitor the next morning gave Pearson little satisfaction. Messrs. Hawk, and Sparrowbill had been most courteous; they had allowed him to see the deed, and also Sergeant Rumford's opinion thereon. In his humble opinion, the case was very strong; the writ of seizure they had issued would hold perfectly good; they might take Coriander when they liked. "And I am afraid, sir," he concluded, "that we should only get cast if we tried to upset."

"Then they can prevent my running the

horse next week, if I contest this claim legally at once?"

"I should be afraid so, really; but in negotiation you had better insist upon your right to, of course, do what you like with the horse till their claim to him is established."

"Very good. Now I am off."

On arrival at Xminster, Pearson proceeded direct to Glinn, and inquired for Mr. Denison. He was shown into the library, and speedily joined by that gentleman.

"I have come over, Mr. Denison, to have some conversation with you about the somewhat preposterous claim of yours as to 'right of heriot' over Mannersley."

"I am advised," replied the squire, "that the claim is a perfectly valid one, and of course, just now valuable."

"My dear sir, I am not alluding to the right or wrong of the case; but, situated as we are to each other, it seems rather absurd our going to law with each other."

"Better, Mr. Pearson, say, situated as we were. Moreover, the nearer and dearer the relationship, the more acrimonious the law suit; for a bitter quarrel commends me to brothers, from Cain and Abel downwards."

"Then I am to understand that my engagement with Miss Denison is at an end? May I ask upon what grounds it is broken off?"

"If you wish to know upon what terms you stand with Miss Denison, see her, and don't trouble me."

"You said 'situated as we were.'"

"Of course I did. I owed you £10,000, and hadn't got it. Now, it seems, you also owe me £10,000, which, of course, makes my not being able to pay you of very little consequence."

"But you consented to my engagement with your daughter."

"And would now, if I thought you'd ever want it."

"I don't understand you."

"Then it's no use continuing this conversation."

"Will you answer me a straightforward question? May I ask you if my engagement with your daughter is still to hold good? I care little about this other affair, if that remains as it was."

"And don't I keep telling you that that being an arrangement between Maude and yourself if you have any doubts upon the subject, you had better see her?"

"I will ask leave to do so presently. In the mean time, Mr. Denison, to return to this claim of heriot—"

"Excuse me, Mr. Pearson; that I can't touch upon. I have put myself completely in my nephew's hands regarding that subject; but I will send him to you at once, and merely remark that any arrangement you may make with him has my cordial assent."

CHAPTER XXI.

Grenville Rose, meanwhile, had early cognizance of Pearson's arrival, and prepared at once for the encounter. He first ordered a horse to be saddled, and a groom to be in readiness to take a message to Xminster. Next he summoned his cousin to come to him in his uncle's sanctum.

"Maude, dearest," he said, as she entered "the crisis of our fate is at hand."

"What is it, Gren? And the grey eyes opened wide as she saw the grave, earnest look upon her lover's face."

"Pearman is here, and your father is gone to see him. But in a few minutes I shall be sent for. I'm playing for a great stake this morning, Maude; to wit, the freeing your father from his difficulties, and to win your own sweet self for mine own love. Listen. James has got a horse all ready to go for me to Xminster. You see these telegram sheets: I shall come here for one minute, and fill one up with a message. Mind James has it, and is off with it at once. You see he does not linger. It is of the utmost consequence to us."

"I understand, Gren. Anything more?"

"Yes; you may as well write Pearson a polite dismissal, unless you would rather see him."

"Oh, no! I'd rather write."

"Well, then do so at once; and I think there will be no necessity for your seeing him. But if you must—and he looked a little anxiously towards her—

"I shall know what to say—don't be afraid of that—though I would much rather not."

Here Harold Denison entered the room, jubilant and triumphant.

"The overture is played out, Grenville, and the real business of the piece is about to begin. I've told him you are my representative in this matter, and that I am entirely in your hands."

"Thanks, uncle."

And Rose went off to encounter Pearson. He found that gentleman restlessly pacing the library. A curt greeting passed between them.

"Now, Mr. Rose, we had better proceed to business at once. Time is valuable to me upon this occasion."

"The sooner the better," rejoined Grenville.

"Since I last saw you I have been to town in connection with this affair, and am prepared to admit that you have a better case than I at first thought you possessed. Under these circumstances, and standing as I do with regard to Miss Denison—"

"Hadn't we better confine ourselves solely to the business in hand, and not advert to contingencies that may never happen?" interrupted Grenville, quietly.

"That's it, then," said Pearson coarsely. "Miss Denison intends cancelling her engagement, as part of the program? I thought as much."

"Excuse me if I suggest the propriety of keeping Miss Denison's name entirely out of our conversation. That is a matter upon which I have nothing to say. The question lies in a nutshell. Do you intend to ransom your horse, or is that writ of service, of which you received notice yesterday, to be carried into effect?"

"I shall dispute the whole thing, and

place the affair in the hands of my solicitors."

"Very good. Under these circumstances it is only right to tell you that I have already applied for an injunction to prevent your running Coriander for any race till the case is decided."

"Ridiculous! Upon what grounds, pray?"

"Upon the grounds of possible injury, and probable deterioration of value."

"What do you mean?"

"What I say. He might be injured, or he might be beat; in either case, he would not be so valuable a horse as he is now."

Pearman said nothing for a minute or two; at last he exclaimed abruptly, "Do you ever bet, Mr. Rose?"

"Certainly not!" was the Jesuitical reply; for, though Grenville Rose never did meddle with turf matters, though he had not made a single bet on the forthcoming "Two Thousand," he was yet aware that Dallison was betting for him; albeit he neither knew nor cared to know, so far, the particulars of the transaction.

"You can hardly suppose I shall pay such a sum as £10,000. Perhaps you will state what compromise you really intend to offer me?"

"I have none other to propose, than that you sign Mr. Denison a release of the mortgage you hold to that amount upon Glinn."

"Ah, well! I am afraid you price the horse a little too high."

"Not at all! We value the horse at £5,000, and the stakes of the 'Two Thousand' at £5,000 more."

"And who tells you he is going to win that race?"

"Well, you see," rejoined Grenville, smiling, "we are guided there entirely by your own opinion. We are credibly informed that you have thought it worth while to invest a large sum of money in his chance, and we have a high opinion of your judgment in such matters."

(To be continued.)

WALL STREET'S LAMB.

Disaster Follows Playing a Game of Which One Knows Nothing.

The lamb who thinks he can flitch money out of Wall street is permitted to succeed in his operations only until he has enough to make it worth the while for a professional to get up and take it from him, says a writer in Everybody's. What possibly's chance has a gambler in such a game as this? Would he play poker with no chance of seeing the cards dealt, or of knowing how many cards his opponents draw, and with more than a suspicion that the cards are marked? Yet he does worse than that when he deals in stocks on a margin through the New York stock exchange. Does he ever realize that the winnings in the game played there depend on his own losses, and that the broker who receives his money on margin knows, not thinks, for suspects, but knows, that in the end he will inevitably join the great majority before him who have played and lost?

"If it were not against the rules of the New York stock exchange," exclaimed the head of a legitimate brokerage house, "I'd bucket every order I took."

"Do you mean to say that your customers are more likely to be wrong than right in their guesses?" was the surprised question of Mr. Lamb.

"Sure," was the reply, with an indulgent smile of superior wisdom on the frank, open face of the broker. "A speculator on margin is not only likely to lose, he is sure to lose. Of course he sometimes wins, gets on the right side of the market, and in a day or two walks off with \$20,000 in his jeans. Do you think he stays away? Not much! That was too easy; and the next time he loses his \$20,000 of winnings and as much more besides as he'll stand for or can raise. Why, this business we're in is pure gambling and we're not one whit better than Dick Canfield."

Remember, please, that the speaker was not a bucket shop man, nor yet a crank reformer, but the head of a legitimate New York stock exchange house, with thousands of customers, and he knew the game from beginning to end.

He Knew Two Kinds.

"So far as is known at present there are forty-eight kinds of house flies," said the professor.

"I only know two kinds, professor," said the boy.

"Which are they?"

"Dead and alive!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Taking No Chance.

Borely—I got rather a cool reception when I called at the Smiths' last night, but they warmed up finally. Why, when I was leaving the whole family came to the door with me!

Griggs—That was because some one took three umbrellas out of their hall rack a few evenings ago.—Puck.

Maemonics.

"I suppose there is a great deal of mental strain involved in the conduct of immense interests like yours?"

"I should say so," answered Dustin Stax. "It's mighty hard to go on the witness stand and remember the list of things your lawyer told you to forget."

An Inquiring Mind.

"My wife has a very inquiring mind," said Mr. Meekton.

"I have observed that," answered Miss Cayenne. "She can think of enough questions to keep a crowd waiting half an hour at a theater ticket office."—Washington Star.

Tok the Elevator.

Mrs. Wylkyns—I should have thought he would have looked higher for a wife.

Mr. Wylkyns—How could he? The girl he married used to live in a flat on the top floor of a ten-story apartment house.—Louisville Journal.

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His work is long and hard and rough;
He slaves from dawn till after dark.
To raise and grow and own enough,
But there's a bright side to his life.
His sorrows he can always drown
When, with his team, he's hired to haul
A busted auto back to town.
—Los Angeles Express.

Accommodating.
First Passenger—Pardon me, but would you mind loaning me your spectacles a moment?

Second Passenger—With pleasure, sir.

First Passenger—Thanks, awfully, and now, as you can no longer read your newspaper, would you kindly pass it over to me?

More Urgently Needed.
Salesman (at bookstore)—Perhaps this is what you are looking for. It's a work entitled "Housekeeping Made Easy." Tells you all about—

Anxious Customer—No; we've got that. Haven't you a book called "Moving Made Easy"?—Chicago Tribune.

No Objection to Telling.
"Do tell me, Pussatilla," begged the girl under the inverted waste basket, "the secret of that wonderful blonde hair of yours. It defies detection."

"I will," said the girl under the inverted coal scuttle, "if you won't tell anybody else. I selected for my grandmother and mother two women who had hair just like mine."

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